Prince Come hither, Frances. *Frances* My lord.
Prince How long haſt thou to ſerue, Frances?
Frances Forſooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to
Poines Frances.
Frances Anone, anone ſir.
Prince Fiue yeeres, berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of pewter; But Frances, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it,
Frances O lord ſir, ile be ſworne vpon all the books in *England*, I could finde in my heart
Poines Frances. *Frances* Anone ſir.
Prince How olde arte thou, *Frances?*
Frances Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhal be
Poines Frances.
Frances Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little my lord.
Prince Nay but hearke you *Frances*, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a penyworth, waſt not?
Frances O lord, I would it had bin two.
Prince I will giue thee for it, a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.
Poines Frances *Frances* Anone, anone.
Prince Anone *Frances?* No *Frances*, but to morrow *Frances*: or *Frances*, on thurſeday: or indeede *Frances*, when thou wilt: But *Frances.*
Frances My lord.
Prince Wilt thou robbe this leatherne jerkin, criſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, caddice garter, ſmoothe tongue, Spaniſh powch?
Frances O lord ſir, who doe you meane?
Prince Why then your browne baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Frances*, your white canuaſſe doublet will ſullie. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.
Frances What ſir? *Poines Frances.*
Prince Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?
Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*
Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke to

to the gheſts within. My Lord, old ſir Iohn with halfe a douz
more, are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?
Prin. Let them alone a while, and then open the doore: *Poin*
Poines. Anon, Anon ſir. *Enter Poines.*
Prince. Sirra, Falſtaffe and the reſt of the theeues are at t
doore, ſhall we be merry?
Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cu
ning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? con
what's the iſſue?
Prince. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelv
humors, ſince the olde dayes of goodman Adam, to the pup
age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a cloc
Frances?
Fran. Anon, anon ſir.
Prin. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer wordes the
Parrat, and yet the ſonne of a woman. His induſtrie is vp ſtai
and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I
not yet of Percies minde, the Hotſpur of the North, he that k
me ſome ſixe or ſeauen douzen of Scots at a breakefaſt, waſh
his handes, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I wa
worke. O my ſweet Harry, ſaies ſhe! how many haſt thou k
to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and a
ſwers, ſome fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I preth
call in Falſtalffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne ſh
play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino*, ſaies the drunkard: call
Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Poines. Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?
Falſt. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance too, m
ry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſacke boy. Ere I leade this l
long, ile ſowe neather ſtockes, and mend them, and foote th
too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue
there no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*
Prince. Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of butter,
tifull harted Titan that melted at the ſweete tale of the ſunne
thou didſt, then behold that compound.